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FORMAT is a recurring column that contronts the modes, methods and medium of Architecture as a discipline. A trifle through some of the many unquestioned formats of architectural to be detection, poking at them with a critical, yet tender, curiosity.

back across continents, squashed under a stack of books. I doubt I will have the channe contents as the the channe in the test of the seven of the s sing the second data was an expected and ment there and not expected and the second seco Line generate the rest of the first of the more than the provide the rest of t And Brown Bornson restrict grammanics and cancer and an account for the and cancer and an account of the analysis of the analy environment of the second state of the second

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Editors NICOLE DE ARAUJO, HELENA MAURER, and EMMA

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Overbeard in almost every conversion, that to just 'ask a few questions'.

staking out the terrates, and cultivating an bouest image of school culture.

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## emeter's Grief

BY ATHENA SOFIDES (YSE) When from emptiness she craved abundance, she crawled towards bounty-

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(AH-IZ PILOT, U.S. MARINE CORPS, JSOA MARCH I)

BY CAPTAIN DANIEL "MANBAT" KELLY

Neurs of pain will fade into a more comfortable memory.

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from the first  $\rho \delta \iota^1$  she was enmeshed in the flittering ruby, shimmering across eye and tongue. In that pull of red juice from the swollen seeds, ova gushing, as did those in my own core out of which she peeled many years ago after the smashed new beginning<sup>2</sup>, her teeth dripped with a paralyzed elixir glucose and iron, saccharine, metallic sweetness-

in that moment body and blood intertwined, plant engulfed by animal, Persephone was taken within,

became the underworld. A moan trickled out of my throat blood and its constituents clawing, jumping from my body in heaving shudders, like a fish before it suffocates by air From the heat of my absolute grief an icy death materialized-

farewell was unbearable, so with my blood cries everything, cemented cessation.

That's when my tears dropped into the soil, fecund, with veins sprouting immediately from them as they stretched through the earth. And so I invented winter the veins froze over

mycelial seizing, righteous, righteous.

And so

the seeds cannot be pierced now, their skins are thick with death, and their juices sit stagnant, crystalline the liquid that used to drip from eye to cheek, tooth to lip to soil, now

> My head's grown old, my veins slow.

blood lingers and my mycelia flutter. What happens when my rivers become overrun? Flooding, inundating yeast, algae, salt,

bacterial surges from upstream my eyes close and can't open

I stomp my feet around the frozen ground -maybe my child can hear me down there, through themuntil the only water that flows is the blood from my broken feet. Ice sews my eyelids together

fullness in frozen liminality righteous, righteous.

"I came to see myself as growing out of the earth like the other native animals and plants. I saw my body and my daily motions as brief coherences and articulations of the energy of the place, which would fall back into it like leaves in the autumn." –Wendell Berry, (A Native Hill)

A farewell leaves a trace. Afterimages. Like staring at the sun for too an unknown landscape unfolded out. long and it imprints across your vision. Sometimes you can recreate that sensation when you squeeze your eyes shut, but these are fragmented and scattered.

Goodbye marks the arrival of a memory

There's a special moment when we enter the room, meet someone new and our eyes first lock. Though categorized as a beginning this also marks the end of a moment. These instances become a seed planted where we reside which take root and grow over the course of our time in a place.

I lived in the same 40 mile radius for over 20 years. In that time what grew into existence was a whole population...possibly the size of a major city where memories existed alongside one another; you could imagine them projected into our reality from another

Moving 3,000 miles away for the first time marked the end of this coexistence with these traces. Would the memories crumble into the dust like some long forgotten ruin once I left? What used to be a ritual of passing these parallels now became one last farewell tour. The string of final goodbyes happened while traveling in a car next to

Goodbye to The smokestack,

The fields.

The high school. The old building's phantom forms flickering as you pass by. The translucent apparitions of the 16-year old versions of classmates wave. Some have grown up, living elsewhere... their changing selves documented on a phone screen. Some of them though are permanently the versions I Just as this new city of memory forms, soon it too will embark on its them too in their own ritual drive-bys of this place.

The carpool lot, the last traces of the hometown.

Eventually it is the city I loved. The memories seem to drift off the exit, winding up the ramp to the apartment I once lived in. Counting many goodbyes to the multiple versions of the past remembering the other versions of themselves.

The airport. Goodbye to the evergreens, the mountains...

What will happen to all of these traces? How do you ever get to see them again once you leave a place? Do they simply evaporate?

The plane seemed to struggle to lift as the final parti made, weighed down by s of all the past farewells that clung ngs, desperately determined to bring it down. They seemed to trail off like a silver slinky tumbling 10,000 feet to the ground. The engines struggled, the metal shell tipped backwards but momentum and sheer will tugged the machine free and it continued to hurtle into the atmosphere. Hours passed before landing in a void.

Seemingly hungover from this new place that lacked any familiarity.

Maybe like the start of the universe there was a sudden flash as This place, a hostile environment at first where roots refused to

take hold, finally shifted over a year later while walking along the new city's sidewalk. It was that familiar phantom sensation which turned the gaze slowly to the restaurant across the street where a translucent memory stood gazing back and waving. The random

appearance was startling at first before a sense of comfort settled and finally I (remembering my manners) ventured a hesitant wave back

The first root takes to the soil. Then it all seemed to happen again like before. The start of another city:

The stoop to the apartment. The orange cat in the window. The walk to school. The windows down into the bar where over time the memories congest and blur until it seems to spill out onto the street causing the lamppost to flicker. The looming concrete building. The hallways...a busy thor-

oughfare of bustling memories nodding and waving as they Back to the stoop again and again. The memories of passing,

stopping, chatting and listening cluster together on the six stone steps up to the door. As you leave the front door there peeks through the fence a backyard that often you notice the blaze of the long gone fire pit...where countless traces of memories congregate, forever enjoying a party I can never

Returning to old phantom spaces when you no longer have The sign that announces birthdays, anniversaries, celebrations. Fuzzy and full of inaccuracies. 3,000 miles is a long way for a signal

The street you used to turn off on to visit an old friend. Goodbye Sitting around a table sharing stories which seem to float above our

to the versions of myself that still take that exit. I watch them, *heads, a projecting film for a group to enjoy. Often two people can be* in the same room but form two separate traces. Recounting this moment together can alter and mend. Sharing memory space can be

where you learn why sometimes houses can be haunted or certain smells or colors bring a smile to another's face. Eventually you must depart from these places. They don't

necessarily evaporate...maybe they fade like the cover of a book sitting in the sun too long. These memories continue living on wherever you go until at some point in an unknown time the final catalyst marks the end. When we are no longer around to remember

and those who remain eventually forget. Traces of you and I buried beneath the ground. Though who knows when it will occur or what Wear more jewelry, then put more on.

never been more advanced. So why is it that maps are more

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shi birot see to another the extents of a place beyond the printing of a place beyond the formation by the formation of the printing th As a fareweil to the hackneyed conventions of the part nl roces and recess of erasure and reduction. In tion today, which multifies the vibrancy of place through -Different than the extreme artifice of cartographic representaalternative understandings of place, but this abstraction is no pup 1929 in and a sub a sub the strate of the sub and the sub the sub

square team to the standard to can the map tell us about place, space and community, when tothe with the inhabitants of the area concerned. What removed assumptions of the city, state and nation, concerning 10 and 10 one-fione in the state of the s flaved in their assumptions, practices and productions.

tialist agenda and reading of space, but they are deeply al formand record an index and an and a set of the set facto authority on the representational preservation of place. jurisdiction and power, establishing the cartographer as the de the places they seek to represent. It also connotes an idea about io source and offer neglects the most provide and the most of source of the most of source of the most of source of the most o

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Isnibali bing gining screen enable both healing and ibidil bing gining screen enable both healing scre Back to the normative linear time, the morning time or school day. . The grant and the more reacted of the more reaction of the fit would never the more reaction of the second secon Britatin nou leineb leineb te state of temporal denial non non town on the grant of the state of From the rave, from the scroll. Seamon a book of queer timeblindness. I's time for us to bid farewell to states of queer timeblindness. "Viinabi io bood or identity" is a haunting moment seemingly stuck in time that typically felishizes the GIF (so far) described a cinemanance and room of the solution of the solut

elf-harm, a reel self in a .GIF Space.

Binder longer for the structure of the s Bridob e se bebert effet se besegrande en logis suoise build a se besegrande en logis suoise build a se besegrande en logis suoise en logis a second en logis en logi initia concernation of the contract vision of the contract of and perfect skin, stunningly femme trans women, butches with sde thiw nom official of the stand strand the stand and substantial stand strand s We lose in the convision to the reaction of the loge the interview of the loge in the convision of the reaction for the react What we gain in time, one that is subjective and inwardly perceived, recursive progression of similar moments. Feel pain? Make a joke. 10 Tick is a source the real tick and the second concerning apart uses a rain of the filled giving apart uses the second concerning apart uses a rain of the second concerning to the second concern 

Terri Joe, Kim Kardashian crying over a lost earring, or a bystander Stream Will be a glimmet of warmen of through an in-joke, like any thing stream of the through an in-joke, like any thing through a thread of the thread of vidiane olim olometra thronk throw to remove the second set is second of the currence of the currence of the second set is a second set is second set is a sec fo they tert to gnitainp a si satets bidby a satet of they are the sit at the sit and the state of the state

engender variety from repetition. I'm compelled to keep watching, the internet reaction and the system sector (compared to the system sector is the system of the syst Scrolling, text and the house a model to the house the h Scrolling domains and the second strategy of media, but the scrolls they are a part of si sosta na transferencia de la constructiva de la erite series for the series of An the state of th The glowing and glossy allure of the glass screen between my

Allow concerned an addition of the regalia, signaling their entrance to a unit of their entrance to allow collective states of xeno-euphoria for all the situationis toruge original to include the standard of the Vonege are where a constructed situation, or where agency Dresence of smoke machines, sweat, and strobe lights at dawn. Photos in the book Raving are colorful and blurry, expected in the more than the book reaction are the state of the book reaction are the state of t aloping compating are solidified and being and being the provider are solidified and being the provider are Action of the state of the stat naire provide the standard of in record to be a service the service of the servic offere elineary relations to the provide of the provide provid With the second standing of the condition of separation in body McKensie Wark described the conditional second afraidthav

"I only most the first of the file off and fall away from the off and the off Isser in account to include the form of its being in time. I have to be patient to include the patient is include the patient to include Aguorita Bernesia e taraba sour (Brindi of ini stols ybod 94T. Brindini Aguorita beliant i origi a taraba si ta brindi i taraba su brindi taraba su brindi taraba su brindi taraba su b hine and considered in the required of the second and a second and a second and a second and a second Vhnoprato terration in the becomes stringently in the becomes stringently in the becomes stringently in the become stringent i e to bring the distorted sound of a

ns for the source entropy of the drowning out the source of the source entropy of the so state of bliss. The layers of color and contouring enabled me to exist income and the second s an awareness of a shift in continuity. Each strike of an from the form of the second strike in the second strike i of liquid erosion. Looping, the colorful water, suggests an escape strand from the contract from the contract from the stand before the stand of the s events of the second se 

BY ANGLE DOOR (MARCH '22), TECHNOLOGY OVERLOAD (MARCH '23)

Queer TimeblindamiT 1990Q

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> EDITORS Kurt Huckleberry Calvin H. Liang Peter Martinka GRAPHIC DESIGNERS Kaming Lee Neeta Patel COVER ILLUSTRATION Yumemaru Kashino

## 7 REGALO, MISSION VIEJO, CA Nima Zamanpour

When I was 5 years old we moved to the suburbs, to 7 Regalo Dr, Mission Viejo, California

7 Regalo was the same as 3 Regalo and 11 Regalo

Same Walls Same Doors

Same Windows Same House

My mother filled the house over the years with paintings, antiques, crafts & tchotchkes.

And you entered the soul of my mother. Enter 7 Regalo,

Same Walls Same Doors Same Windows

Different Home

My mother passed away, and with her went The paintings, antiques, crafts & tchotchkes 7 Regalo is being remodeled by my father Preparations to for 7 Regalo to host another

Sometimes your photo shows up in the "memories" slideshow my phone auto-generates. That or the one with the first kohlrabi Lever actually experienced-- the one Bella brought on Sometimes your photo shows up in the "memories" slideshow my phone auto-generates. That or the one with the first kohlrabi I ever actually experienced-- the one Bella brought on that hiking trip. She had packed some extra hummus to enjoy it with, and I loved file she had bland-ish-sweet-ish-peppery-ish crunch, a little dirty, pared with the camping knife she up it was wonderful. When I returned to my apartment in Philadelphia, I went to the beets and the leeks. You were oddly perfect, all stacked in a neat pyramid under the artificial rainstorm. Recalling the beautiful multi-sensory experience from the hiking trail, I grabbed you and brought you home with me.

You sat on my pantry shelf for the next week. Friends would ask what you were, and I would excitedly recount to them the delicious memory of that kohlrabi on the hiking trip. You sat on my pantry shelf for the next week. Friends would ask what you were, an excitedly recount to them the delicious memory of that kohlrabi on the hiking trip. I took you for granted as you sat there another week. Sorry about accidentally knocking you off a counte times while reaching around you for other snacks and fruit. It is still amazing to I took you for granted as you sat there another week. Sorry about accidentally knocking you off a couple times while reaching around you for other snacks and fruit. It is still amazing to me how low-maintenance you were. That next weekend, I watched the first 23 seconds of a cooking video excitedly demonstrating how to prepare a kohlrabi. I video-chatted Bella and brought you to my computer to show you off. You sat there on the corner of my desk another half week before you started sprouting. We had some fun. I took a photo and laughed at how long I had still not eaten you, yet you showed little to no signs of decay from my neglect. I found fun in idly twiring you on your irregular humps. I imagined that powerful people in high offices probably played with their glass paperweights in a similar way. Some evenings later, it was finally about time to bring you to your intended europe

Some evenings later, it was finally about time to bring you to your intended purpose. Ladmired you for the nice small stalk you had managed to arow in the corner of my direction. Some evenings later, it was finally about time to bring you to your intended purpose. I admired you for the nice small stalk you had managed to grow in the corner of my dingy half-underground bedroom. Despite losing a bit of that luster you exhibited in the store, you had managed to remain free of any bruises or softness I had come to expect from produce I had brought home like this in the past. I headed to the kitchen, playing around with you heft and thinking about that foggy bay view, sitting next to Bella, crunching on creamy taking spread atop that vaguely-peppery-green sensation.

**spread atop that vaguely-peppery-green sensation.** I rounded the pantry corner and arrived at your final destination. I watched as you disappeared to the bottom of the trash bin with a "thunk," your density pushing past the other discard. Some things aren't meant to be experienced the same way twice.

This image is a synthesis of family photos from my childhood and a Neural Radiance ald (NeRF) built off of a mix of 22 abot of om my childhood and a Neural Kaalance ald (NeRF) built off of a mix of 22 photos

Field (NeRF) built off of a mix of 22 photos from my bedroom as it is today, and as it from been during our 22 years of living there. has been during our 23 peace off of a small A NeRF constructs 3D space off of a small set of images As it uses machine learning to A NERF constructs 3D space off of a small set of images. As it uses machine learning to set of images. As it uses machine learning to construct and converge on a space, it infers and fills in gaps where the original images ack information. In this would be as fallible a nils in gaps where the original images k information. In this way it is as fallible and clouded as memory, generating a rich and clouded as memory, generating a fich haze that fills each corner and crevice of the naze that his each corner and crevice of the home while retaining a structure off of which me while retaining a structure off of white ments from life are propped and placed.

# the same after my departure.

## AN OLD SCHOOL GOODBYE

Goodbyes suck. Sometimes saying goodbye is so hard you have to say it a few times. Goodbyes suck. Sometimes saying goodbye is so hard you have to say it a rew times. Last time we hung out, I gave you a goodbye hug. About 10 seconds later I gave you a second one, and I could tell you were taken aback. That was a tough goodbye for me, I wasn't sure if I'd ever get to wrap mularms around you goodby

I feel like this letter is my third goodbye hug. I've written 42 love letters in my life, this is the the mixed wis retter is my unity goodbye mug. Eve written 42 rove retters in my me, this is the third I've written to you. The 39 others were written to my last love, seven years ago. I would have considered muself as lucky to write to use another three derest times. Eacell, the have considered myself so lucky to write to you another three dozen times. For all I know, this will be the last time I write a love letter to any one for another seven years. I have I make this will be the last time I write a love letter to anyone for another seven years. I hope I make

I'm the opposite of a quiet person, but when I'm with you I feel a calm come over me. There's something about the excitement in your voice, the shine in your eyes, the fullness in your laws that has about the excitement of your voice. something about the excitement in your voice, the shine in your eyes, the runness in your laughter that has absolutely floored me every second of knowing you. When I'm spending time with the the test of different place, treating to feallike two power knowing so much ust as little with you, I go to a different place. I really do feel like I've never known so much yet so little with you, I go to a amerent place. Treatly as reentike I venever known so much get so little about someone. I constantly want more; my chest seems to burst, and I suddenly wish I could take you everywhere and as psychote all at case.

Perhaps like I have never loved anyone before, I love you. I am so glad I said those three words to you lust a fave short months are and I thank you for payor making more parts. words to you just a few short months ago, and I thank you for never making me regret saying

I was taken aback by how effortlessly you said "Love you" when we ended our phone call t was taken aback by now entitliessly you said. Love you, when we ended our prione can the other day. You said it as familiarly as if we had spent every day together since we were from the weights each other alives. You said it doep its the fact we have call over met in

the other day. You such it as raminary as if we had spent every day together since we we first thrown into each other's lives. You said it despite the fact we have only ever met in Once I graduate, I'm going to be far, far away from you once again. After over two years of

long conversations and making plans; I regret we haven't seen each other more, but the timing Three separate times in these years of loving you as a friend, I had begun dating someone and

had to cut things off because I knew that my heart wasn't mine to give. It belonged to you. Last week, you reached out for the first time in a while and called me when I was on a date. When I picked up the phone and spoke with you, I felt the same comfort and happiness in my heart like nothing had changed. Unfortunately, M, something does have to change.

For two years I have waited, made and changed so many plans to make this 90-mile gap smaller. When the gap grows to over 900, I feel that the renewed distance will bring our smaller. when the gap grows to over 900, i reel that the renewed distance will bring our romance-flavored-friendship even further from the realm of committed relationship, which had

I think this is the time to say goodbye, even though tears roll down my cheeks as I write it. Last week I saw you cry for the first time. Now I guess it's my turn. It's tough. Goodbyes feel so unfair when you don't know if they're certain.

## I like being sure of myself.

The benefit of being so certain was that for two years I knew exactly how much I loved you. I knew from the moment I met you, and since then you have been the thing I wanted the most. The problem is that you aren't a thing. You're an ever-changing person; a beautiful soul and mind that cannot be pursued like the thing I want most.

This has been a difficult letter, a goodbye-that-seems-final-but-we-don't-get-the-closure-ofknowing-for-sure kind of farewell that so many in our generation are all too familiar with. The ease of communicating these days makes goodbyes so hard. Those shining eyes and bright voice of yours that I so adore are two taps away in the form of digital memories. These visual reminders, I fear, will tug at my heart strings and do more harm than good. I hope you don't take it personally when I add some distance between us on social media to match

I think I'd rather keep this goodbye old school. If you feel the need to respond, to reach out, to say whatever you need to say, write me. Send a letter to prove Street,

#### DEAR TO US

is the scent of joy, the sound of giggles, the tense air of kids forging a plan. Indistinct chatter, nudging elbows, a snapping trigger and ... bang – birds are startled, dissolved into air. The sound of flapping wings drowns in the buzzing city life, the bird's serene presence lost in the plain everyday. The sun's glow renders the scene impeccable. A delicate iron flower bed crowns the casual conviviality like a profane halo. Protected through the sense of parental latency, the kid's curiosity thrives ceaselessly. They steer through the wind's waves like the toughests sailors, turning each urban calm into a storm of activity. Yet, a secret act of heroism is put forth by the girl some steps below. Up two steps from the street, she ties the boys to the urban realm, drags them into the uncertainty of the neighbourhood. The stair is populated like there never was a Great Depression, the last remnants of the ornate portal symbolically for everything that once was there.

This letter is an ode to the squeaking rocking chair, loosely stacked books, withered wood, knitted blankets, barking dogs, wasp nests, enthralling tales, beloved swings, tender serenades, sailor hats, lost wigs, broken boomerangs, crooked ceiling fans, silly toy guns, torn sun visors—all elements of memorable events. However, it's not just individuated memories, singular perceptions and private stories that were once treasured between far and home.

The liminal space now in decline converges private and public, intimate and 'extimate' on multiple levels. Today, we seldomly live within the confines that were in a different place and time, more exquisite, more grand, more about us. Still present in the countryside, rarely seen in cities, is the liminal space that halts time. There lingers the mist of forgotten pasts and deep down, without noticing, it affects all of us. In our overwhelming nostalgic memory, we sense these scenes not only in the light of the shadow but as a whole, a vessel of life, containing bodies that grow. This 'in-between' orients the building, just like the directed limb articulates the entirety of a body. The domestic character is decided at the front door's threshold, facing the communal realm. Its disposition seeks the marriage of house and street, relates architecture to streetscape. The fanciful wrought iron expresses, just like a vibrant

silk dress, one's sentiments towards the other. Yet, its existence is not just some sort of representational quality, but a penetrating reality that fosters conviviality. The liminal space generates a significant and ominous dynamic between a private and public world, an inner and outer existence, the simultaneity of the self and the others. It pushes you out into the world

What triggers the absence of liminal spaces in today's bustling city life? Is it the brutality of reality that prompts our desire for enclosed private life? What about the sociality of things,

Unfortunately, market pressure, housing deficit, building efficiency, and private ignorance

In today's densely built environment, unforeseen collective experiences have no space.

### FAREWELL TO MY HOME

-1-

Farewell to my home. I could never come back. You do not exist anymore, only in my dreams. Our routes parted far before it came to my realization. You knew long before that I won't be

I am longing for the feeling of your gentle Northern sun secretly peeking through power lines into my room in the morning. I am cold and tired under the bedsheets, but am softly guided into the routine of the day. I walk down the boulevard, passing by all the sleepy indifferent strangers who all feel familiar along the way. Streets are spilling out shiny yellow and chilly breeze that gets into your bones. This is the moment when the city lures you into a sweet melancholy ride, which is definitive to the feeling of home. We are all sharing a love and hate for this gorgeous city, whose sole intention was to never make us fully happy.

All along we foresaw the tragedy and knew that someday home would betray us by taking away innocent lives, including ours. You did as promised, and we have chosen to be blindsided. The distance between us has never been this vast. I inevitably stray around longing to feel that Northern sun one more time.

Now home is only part of blurry memories, photographs and imagination. Time has completely dy for me in this city. Both of us have changed so much that once we reconcile, we might not recognize each other. I know that when I come back one day I will desperately hope to reunite with a longtime friend, who in reality has been long gone.

front door's purpose, function, form and popularity have evolved as a reflection of in our lifestyle and social idioms. Only a tremendous shift back will enable the refurning past and contemporary fiction – a meaningful get-together merely a mentally constructed of the front of constructs o Isn't the front of our home the scene of give and take, anticipation and fulfillment? We miss the conviviality of happenings, surprising chance encounters, in the brace of the wind, with the sprinkling of the rain at noon, plauing cards, exchanging secrets, feeling part We miss the conviviality of happenings, surprising chance encounters, in the brace of the sprinkling of the rain at noon, playing cards, exchanging secrets, feeling pather in front of the house, having private chats, providing a place for rest and wait, for

With the loss of the porch, we lost a safe space for collective play, collective rest, a place for we lost a safe space of proper farewell!

Thank you for Joining us in farewell - to the school year, to our peers, to memories, used in the school year, to our peers, to memories, is a station of the school year, to our peers, to memories, is a station of the school year.

Whatever it may be." We understand farewells to lie at the threshold of transition - between schools, lives, and deaths. They relinquish influence over a person, place or object, could be that all will be okay. As events move beyond our power, the books of object, could be the farewell in various flavors, from letters to drabble

and memory by farewel/s can carry relief or pain, simplify of complicate. In this issue of paprikal we encounter the farewel/in various flows from letters to deal the void. As editors, we hope that you might recomplicate. Isophemeral experience, and ultimately think upon how the farewel/ operates as a processing of the void sensitivity.



Dear readers,

YELLOWS, UGLY TILES AND INHERITED TEXTILES To: yellows, ugly tiles and inherited textiles I am writing this in order to finally create the spaces for farewells to homes that I left without being aware I was leaving them for good. This late attempt is going to be unexpectedly short

I am writing this in order to finally create the spaces for farewells to nomes that I left without being aware I was leaving them for good. This late attempt is going to be unexpectedly short and direct. Lam appeared to say appeared by unly bathroom tiles and carnets. So this is being aware I was leaving them for good. This late attempt is going to be unexpecteally short and direct. I am going to say goodbye to yellows, ugly bathroom tiles and carpets so, this is about these three elements of homes which I actually am seeking and keeping in my current life. It seems significant to mention that it took me 3 years to start writing. Yellows have been both an interior and exterior issue. The majestic tree of mimosa would be blossoming wellow around this time of year or a little bit earlier. This would be the prime time of the second se Yellows have been both an interior and exterior issue. The majestic tree of mimosa would be blossoming yellow around this time of year, or a little bit earlier. This would be the prime time of yellow and diluted areans. Rooms would be filled with the possible and potential warmth of

biossoming yellow around this time of year, or a little bit earlier. This would be the prime time of yellow and diluted greens. Rooms would be filled with the possible and potential warmth of these faw weaks throughout the year. A slightly more consistent presence of yellows was of yellow and diluted greens. Rooms would be filled with the possible and potential warmth of these few weeks throughout the year. A slightly more consistent presence of yellows was soon in the paint of interior facades. I thought that I didn't like it very much for years until the these rew weeks throughout the year. A slightly more consistent presence of yellows was seen in the paint of interior facades. I thought that I didn't like it very much for years until day I rented a flat livet because I was caught by the yellow strings on the walls. I realized that seen in the paint of interior façades. I thought that I didn't like it very much for years until the day I rented a flat just because I was caught by the yellow stripes on the walls. I realized that i bave been painting surged that day I rented a flat Just because I was caught by the yellow stripes on the walls. I realized that yellow was the first one to empty in my watercolor sets, and that I have been painting sunset colors everyday. Eventually when I think of home, I imagine myself in a warm yellow room. Now. I have a big yellow suitcase, providing some room for my personal belongings Colors everyday. Eventually when I think of nome, I imagine myself in a warm yellow ro Now, I have a big yellow suitcase, providing some room for my personal belongings.

Passing through a heavy yellow painted door, I would find myself taken to the wet spaces. The valu tiles would be dominating my imagination and feelings towards small between the spaces. Passing through a heavy yellow painted door, I would find myself taken to the wet spaces. The ugly tiles would be dominating my imagination and feelings towards small bathrooms. The uglier and messier they would be, the more they would allow me to contemplate over the simplest auestions in the most complicated ways possible. The problem with the coffe The uglier and messier they would be, the more they would allow me to contemplate over the simplest questions in the most complicated ways possible. The problem with the coffee latte colored tiles was that the walle ware covered with square ones while the floor with the simplest questions in the most complicated ways possible. The problem with the correct latte colored-tiles was that the walls were covered with square ones while the floor with restangular ones. And the patterns were differing too: dots for the squares and lines for the latte colored-tiles was that the walls were covered with square ones while the floor with rectangular ones. And the patterns were differing too; dots for the squares and lines for the rectangles. Locald not forget the white valu flowers on black tiles, ust somehow they became rectangular ones. And the patterns were differing too; dots for the squares and lines for the rectangles. I could not forget the white ugly flowers on black tiles, yet somehow they became abstracted in mu mind in time. Perhaps, this is how I wouldn't see the upliness of the patterns.

rectangles. I could not forget the white ugiy nowers on black tiles, yet somehow they became abstracted in my mind in time. Perhaps, this is how I wouldn't see the ugliness of the patterns but only their primary lines and shapes, which became more interacting to my evel and also to abstracted in my mind in time. Pernaps, this is now I wouldn't see the ugliness of the patterns but only their primary lines and shapes, which became more interesting to my eye and also to mu imagination Finally there are the characteristic textiles which were not my personal choices nor The found their way to me by themselves until finally Leaved their way to me by themselves until finally Leaved their way to me by themselves until finally Leaved their way to me by the second the second their way to me by the second the second

Finally there are the characteristic textiles which were not my personal choices nor preferences. They found their way to me by themselves, until finally I couldn't imagine making a home without their smooth and wrinkly effects. The main one was the transportation of preferences. They found their way to me by themselves, until finally I couldn't imagine makin a home without their smooth and wrinkly effects. The main one was the transportation of creamu tulle curtains from one home to another. The width of the main facade was evactly a home without their smooth and wrinkly effects. The main one was the transportation of creamy tulle curtains from one home to another. The width of the main facade was exactly the same as the balacout wall of the other wet the cailing heights differed significantly creamy tune curtains from one nome to another. The width of the main facade was exact the same as the balcony wall of the other, yet the ceiling heights differed significantly. Nevertheless Lenioued them carruing the wind in the room through their evagorated. the same as the balcony wail of the other, yet the ceiling heights affered significantly. Nevertheless, I enjoyed them carrying the wind in the room through their exaggerated movements. More interestingly. I realized that the traditional carnets Linberited from the Nevertheless, I enjoyed them carrying the wind in the room through their exaggerated movements. More interestingly, I realized that the traditional carpets I inherited from the family, which once looked boring and outdated, became an indispensable part of my inner world. Now, I miss them dearly. I miss them and can't replace them

Thank you for being in my imagination and in my notebooks. Thanks to you it becomes easier to say goodbye to homes. Thanks to you, it becomes possible to imagine new ones.